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FEATURES

XMAS GIFTS FOR BAD KIDS
punish your child for the holidays!
page 28
by wombstretchta the magnificent

A KIM & KANYE CHRISTMAS
diaries of a recovering liberal
page 36
by ericka rachelle mendoza

ANOTHER BRICK IN
THE WALL
coping with a post-election america
page 44
by baraka noel

INTELLIGENT
SEX BEINGS
getting in between the sheets with cyborgs
page 46
by josh the terrible

INSIDE STUFF

THE FOR REAL WAR ON CHRISTMAS
GREEN ROOM DIARIES
EROTIC CITY/SPOTLIGHT OF EVENTS
PINUP CALENDAR
TALES FROM THE DJ BOOT
BAD ADVICE
LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE
CLASSIFIEDS
THAT STRANGE ORANGE MAN
ESCAPING ILLUSION
5 REASONS XMAS ISN’T ABOUT CHRIST
PG. 18
PG. 24
PG. 30
PG. 32
PG. 34
PG. 36
PG. 48
PG. 50
PG. 52
PG. 54
PG. 56
PG. 58
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Changing into Christina's trademark black stockings, tight black dress and lace choker (for the Adam's apple), I quickly made my approach and sat next to the mystery man as he finished his Camel.

"Hey, stranger."

Eying me with conspicuous desire, he said, "Hey gorgeous. You one of the dancers?"

"No, I'm one of the prancers," I said with a giggle.

He smiled and nodded, looking at my great legs.

"If I knew what that meant, I would try to fuck it."  

"Ooh, you talk like a creep. What's your name?"

"Gavin."

"Now, Gavin, you wouldn't happen to have a spacious car with tinted windows nearby, would you?"

Winking, he said, "An Escalade."

"Mmm...a Cadillac? I think I'm gonna slip off my seat!"

"Don't worry—it has seat belts."

Anyway, after ten more minutes of genius banter, I was in the back seat of his work vehicle, pulling my lace choker down over his eyes.

"Hey, I can't see with this thing on."

"Sorry, honey, I get shy when I am about to blow someone new."

"You don't seem shy."

"Shut up, homo..." I whispered huskily before going down on him.

Gagging up some phlegm on his wiener, I anxiously worked his groaning into a rhythm, before blindly searching the front passenger seat with my free hand. I found a manila folder stamped Top Secret. Opening it, I saw a sheaf of documents, all with the letterhead “War On Christmas,” which was accompanied by paper-clipped photographs of various homeland targets—a mall Santa Claus, Glenn Beck eating a sandwich, an obese Trump supporter sleeping outside a Toys R Us—and me. Except, instead of my real first name, Christian Rickets, it had the name I go by during the month of December, Christmas Rickets. What could it all mean? Continuing to whale eye the documents, I found a picture of me practicing meta-comedy for my cat...and, breaking character, bit down on Gavin's juicy phallus.

"Guh!" he said, seemingly turned on. At this point, Christina had seen enough and, yanking on his sack like a rip cord, caused him to immediately blow his hobo glue into my ramen hole (I, or rather, Christina, swallowed Gavin's cum ( ejaculate (a colloquial term for the sperm and semen, which exits a penis after it is sufficiently stimulated))).

I quickly gathered up the documents and returned them to the front passenger seat, as Christina hummed a Don Henley tune on Gavin's rapidly-shrinking boner.

Taking the choker from his eyes, Gavin zipped up his pants, smirked as he said, "Thank you, that was fantastic."

I smirked too, knowing Christina has mouth herpes and probably just spread it to Gavin's fuck hog (penis).

I started to open the door and attempted to say "I'll be right back," though, to my ears, it came out as "comedy snack," because my mouth was still full of goo-goo (again I mean cum—despite the seriousness of the content I wanted to make this story colorful and fun to read).

"Did you just say Marshall Mathers?" Gavin asked.

"Not til later, baby."

"Ooh, I can't wait."

Not bothering to consider what he thought I meant, I jogged to the back of Taco Time and jabbed two fingers down my throat (Christina is bulimic), so that I could vomit Gavin's cum onto the drive through area, which, unsurprisingly, was already slick with vomit. Across the parking lot, I could hear Gavin yelling “Tina! Tina!” no doubt hoping for some Marshall Mathers. Deciding I had done enough meta-comedy for the night, I took off my heels and ran back to my car, drove home and started packing my bags. Two weeks later I was on a plane for Hawaii, having left behind my cat, friends and the eclectic Portland Alternative Comedy Scene.

Why was I followed? Why do they think my name is Christmas Rickets? How big is this conspiracy and what does it mean for America? These things I do not know. All I do know, is the point I am trying to make, is that there is definitely, maybe a war on...
Bailey

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I pulled up to a place called Ocean Grove with a friend of mine, Mark*, who had been telling me about a weekly reggae night at the bar.

"Dude, you can totally smoke weed on the patio and the owner gives, like, zero fucks."

It sounded great to me. At the time, I was driving a rental car, because mine had been totaled in an accident. Even though our ride looked pimp as hell, both Mark and I had on traditional, minimum-wage-white-guy attire—nothing about us looked lucrative. As we were exiting the vehicle, we caught the attention of an angry-looking dude by the front door, who was rocking back and forth with anxiety, while having a conversation with another man.

"Like, we could totally just jack those motherfuckers right now," the angry dude said to his friend, while pointing at me and Mark. "I don't give a fuck. I need to come up quick!"

Mark and I pretended we didn't hear the threats, let alone notice the guy who was making not-that-empty promises to kill us for the pocket change we had, when we went inside the Ocean Grove bar to kill a few pints and discuss potential business.

"Here's the thing, man," Mark explained. "The scene we're gonna have you work this year is hella chill. It's this old hippie family and they live, like, in the middle of fucking nowhere, bruh. Your cellphone will stop working and then, like an hour later, you may get one bar of service near the gas station, but that's it. They pay $200 a pound, so that means you can make, like, $200 if you can trim a pound in a day. So, that's like, umm...how long a day? Six or eight hours? So, yeah, you can make that."

I was not too concerned about being compensated. After all, Humboldt is home to the "hundred-dollar twenty," meaning that hundreds are as common there as twenties are elsewhere. People aren't necessarily rich by any stretch of the word, seeing as how much capital is tied in up in the grow operations that generate income for weed farmers. Still, Humboldt County doesn't produce a lot of dub sacks—they produce pounds. I recall a time, when I asked my buddy if I could pick up some weed for my trip, at which point he asked me what I needed.

"Oh, just like fifty worth."

He responds, "I can possibly have that to you by tonight, but just the first half. The other twenty-five pounds will have to wait until tomorrow."

I clarified, "No, dude, I mean, like, fifty bucks."

Then, my friend gave me an ounce, told me to keep my money and never bug him for something that small ever again. Still, it was nice to know I could have twenty-five pounds in just a few hours.

Sitting on the back patio of Ocean Grove, while smoking a grape-flavored blunt, Mark continued to discuss business with me.

"Dude, you know what's weird about Portland? Why don't you have any black people there? Aren't you, like, hella liberal and stuff? There's black people here and we raise cows in our backyards. Do you think they raise chicken? Is that racist?"

I interrupted Mark. "Okay, so about the trim job. Are they on the radar for the feds, like, are they growing over ninety-nine plants?"

Humboldt's cops, who are mostly paid for with weed money (like any other local government department—this is why Humboldt is never in favor of California weed legalization ballot measures; all the revenue created by the Emerald Triangle would be funneled into the denser, more populated cities like Los Angeles), apparently don't even bother with growsites that are smaller than "holy shit" in size. In fact, many residents register their land plots with the local officials—many of whom get caught drinking Keystone on the job and sleeping in their cars—because, fuck work.

Mark replied, "Oh, hell no, bro. These guys are good. The thing you gotta watch out for are the cartel grows, but even those are safe, because our growers run security."

What is "run(ning) security," you ask? Mark explains:

"Like, last year, the feds totally busted this cartel (Mexican drug runner) trespass grow (illegal operation set up on federal land, such as a national park). A few of the migrant dudes escaped and came to the grow you're gonna be working on. Well, late at night, one of the hippie kids from Berkeley caught a migrant dude stealing tops (large marijuana buds located at the top of the plant) from the babies (smaller marijuana plants), so he told the guy who owns the property. Then, that dude confronted the thief, walked him out to the nutrients, popped him in the back of the head and tossed him in the ground."

Mark laughed. "That's probably where the phrase 'Mexican dirt weed' came from. So, are you gonna meet up with us around noon tomorrow and come check out the place?"

The smarter half of my brain had tuned out the moment I decided to drive to Humboldt County, looking for work in a field, with a Master's degree and no less than a dozen clients who are currently paying me for website design. Here I was, ready to trim leaves from nugs, while being paid under the table and talking to girls named Sapphire, who aren't strippers. It was dangerous, stupid and something that I would have done in high school, without giving it a single thought. Yet, at 36, I gave it some thought—this would make for some damn good Exotic editorial.

So, with Elantra Del Ray (my newly-acquired insurance claim replacement vehicle) filled up to the brim (using less-than-top-tier gasoline), a handful of Tom Waits songs on my MP3 player, two bottles of coconut water and a half-empty bag of granola, I hit the pedal and ventured alone, into bigfoot country, on the way to meet up with Mark.

Mark never showed.

(To be continued in next month's Green Room Diaries)

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It’s that time of year again. No, not the time to delouse your hunchback cousin Phil who lives in the attic…it’s Xmas time! Aside from Phil, pretty much everyone in your immediate or extended family requires some type of gift, though mostly the kids. This means that, as a responsible adult, you’re put upon to provide gifts for all kinds of children, even if you don’t like them. Yep, even that little fucker who bit your leg last summer, is getting something. It’s the social code. If you don’t do this, your sister’s husband won’t get you that expensive bottle of twelve-dollar bourbon this year and you can’t risk that. It’s time to go shopping—for children you hate.

Here’s the rundown of toys that you can give a child you despise.

**STABMASTER FLASH**

Stabmaster Flash is not a difficult toy to understand. It’s pretty much just a Korean ripoff of the famous “Bop-it” toy. It twists and turns and instructs kids how to manipulate it, until the stabbing round happens. At that point, kids gleefully try to avoid needles, razors, knives, fish hooks and other pointy perils—great for car trips!

**BABY UPCHUCK**

Baby Upchuck is the evolution of the doll in the 21st century. She fusses, frets and can’t keep a meal down. You can feed Baby Upchuck pretty much anythingliquidy and gross, but the clock is ticking from that point forward. Her stomach chunders, churns and nobody can guess when... BLECH, she lets it all back out, the way it came in. Real projectile vomiting action means she can launch lunch over 12 feet!

**LIL’ WAYNE’S LEAN MACHINE**

This is one of those fun, do-it-yourself toys that empowers kids by letting them create something. You pour the cough syrup into one tank, the soda into another and a Jolly Rancher into a meal down. You can feed Baby Upchuck pretty much anyone in your immediate or extended family requires some type of gift, though mostly the kids. This means that, as a responsible adult, you’re put upon to provide gifts for all kinds of children, even if you don’t like them. Yep, even that little fucker who bit your leg last summer, is getting something. It’s the social code. If you don’t do this, your sister’s husband won’t get you that expensive bottle of twelve-dollar bourbon this year and you can’t risk that. It’s time to go shopping—for children you hate.

Here’s the rundown of toys that you can give a child you despise.

**TAXMASTER**

I suppose this is one of those “educational” toys that tries to teach kids things. It teaches the joy and wonder that comes with filing your taxes. If you’re thinking, “Well, shit. My kids can do my taxes now,” then you’re wrong, because it uses a tax code from 1979 for its examples.

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The wacky game where you draw a card that describes a random act of human cruelty from history and your opponent has to use their own hand of explanation cards to justify the existence of a benevolent god in the face of that cruelty. Counter the John Wayne Gacy card with the “god has a plan for all of us” card and the Vasili Blokhin card with the “they were chosen to go to heaven” card. It’s hours of inspirational fun for 2-6 players.

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**MORTY THE DEPRESSED ELF**

Morty is like the “Elf On A Shelf” that has become, for some inexplicable reason, a holiday tradition in the last four years. Morty, however, has some problems. His chronic heroin abuse, his lack of a job, his malignant odor and his “funny feelings” for his sister, Dorothy, all make him a very morose elf. But, he talks! Push on his belly and you’ll get a litany of phrases, such as:

“I just want to stay in bed, but I don’t own a bed.”

“I think I remember life was good once, but I can’t be sure.”

“Just lay Morty on the bathroom floor; the cold tile will help me sleep for the first time in a week.”

...and the ever-popular,

“You ever wish you could just die, but keep waking up alive?”

He’s sure to be a hit!

So, there’s the breakdown. If you have children in your life whom you loathe, get them one of these toys and then leave swiftly. The reports back from their parents may result in anything from mild disappointment to charges filed against you.

Happy Holidays!

-WSm

Wombstretcha The Magnificent is a writer, cook, hot sauce spokesman, gorilla analyst, fone phreek, avid urinator, amateur Kenyan, origami debunker and retired rapper from Portland, Oregon. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @ Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.
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DECISION 2016? MORE LIKE DISASTER 2016 (AMIRITE)?

Well, here we are. A lot of us are beyond disappointed at the collective decision that we made, as a country, last month. It’s a depressing time to be alive, especially if you spent the last four years hoping for change, only to find out that we just can’t have nice things. I am, of course, referring to Corey Feldman’s inability to peak on the Billboard Top Ten charts, for his recently-released album, Angelic 2: The Core.

Was it racism, due to the wide variety of talented, urban features that Feldman decided to incorporate into his two-disc collection of epic narrative and melodic pleasure? Was it sexism, due to the fact that Corey’s Angels is an organization hell-bent on providing opportunity to young women? All I can say, is that middle America has been ignored for too long by Feldman, who clearly lost his way with the racial demographic that he was so true to during the mid-to-late 1980s and early 1990s.

Perhaps, it was the wrong Corey who died a few years ago. Why are we letting all the wrong Coreys live? Why didn’t Kiefer Sutherland have anything to do with the Lost Boys sequel? Because he died in the first one? Vampires don’t die. That’s the whole point. Is anyone (besides Alex Jones) following me here?

We can blame the 3% of consumers who decided to buy the Jill Stein album from iTunes, but were they really gonna give Feldman a chance in the first place? I don’t think so. And, Bernie, shit...his album is fire, but the media doesn’t want you to know it even exists.

THE WAR ON CHRISTMAS

I had decided on this theme last month, because I figured we’d be at war with someone by the time this issue went to the press. The irony, however, is that we are at war with each other.

(Hey Shawna, this is where you insert that really serious, but sappy, music that accompanies Dr Phil specials about fat kids getting bullied, please find a way to convert audio to PDF before we send this to print.)

As with any presidential election that focuses on pussy grabbing and less-than-covert racism, the aftermath of the polls will undoubtedly result in some disgusting displays of ‘Murican behavior. However, folks were expecting this to happen after a Trump loss, not a Trump win. In no way do I excuse, apologize for, or in any way condone acts of violence carried out against minorities, in the name of some dipshit celebrity who stole the election while democracy was sleeping. Still, it’s rather disgusting to see it being carried out by my own people, aka “the left,” against anyone and everyone who didn’t sign up for Clinton 2.0: The Clintoning (sorry, but Clintons in Space was de-funded).

We have a semi-regular contributor, Matt Rose, whose column was ironically cut this month for space (it will resume again in January). On more than one occasion, he has pointed out how the radical left is turning into the radical right, or “horse-shoe theory” as the phenomenon is discussed (in short, the more to one side of a spectrum one goes, the closer to the opposition it becomes, much like the arch of a horseshoe). I’ve always been quick to disagree, but in light of a Trump win, I’ve seen some of my most “accepting” and “loving” “friends” turn into the demons that they have supposedly devoted their lives to fighting. The “RAPE MELANIA” signs being held up by female Hillary supporters at Trump protests say it all—what better way to mourn the loss of a white female politician, than by making threats of sexual assault against a foreigner? How does that sit next to a “c03x15+” bumper sticker?

Being a progressive means being one step ahead of the curve, not idling in park next to the curb (or blending in with the traffic quo while Snapchatting our college pals). Remember when Rodney King begged, with tears in his eyes, for people to stop setting his neighborhood on fire? Well, imagine a small business owner in Portland, looking at her storefront, which was shattered by a baseball bat, because the lady she (and the rest of our state) voted for didn’t win. That’s the new Rodney King, while the white, progressive college student is the new LAPD. Police the world—to hell with the consequences. The only difference is, the LAPD weren’t rioting. If they had been, they’d be dismissed by their superiors for participating in violent subversion of the very system they were supposed to protect...sound familiar?

“LGBT rights” means allowing Milo Yiannopoulos to speak at Portland State University next month. “Welfare tax money” means that some of it goes to the Trump supporters who lost their jobs when Detroit went bankrupt. That rainbow flag we all like to attach to our bumper stickers includes more than the basic CMYK colors (and, not designed only for people who know what CMYK stands for). The elitism, violence, hatred, refusal to accept new points of view, aversion to dissent, disgust for the poor and general smugness of the left is, as we would say, “culturally appropriating” that which belongs to the right. Blonde dreadlocks are the new klan hoods.

What’s next? Peace sign armbands and vegan-friendly boots? Giant ovens, in which to toss baskets of deplorable trash? Perhaps we should round up all the Trump supporters, tattoo them and send them back to Europe?

We’re better than this.

The key to retaining rights for women, LGBT persons, minorities, etc., is to become the system. I only voted “Harambe” where there were no contested positions. This meant that I voted “Harambe 2016” for about a dozen local seats. These seats could be snatched up by anyone. Transgender, feminist, anarchist, a dead ape made famous via meme...all open candidates for the job. Facebook likes and Twitter followers are one thing, but actually getting involved in the system is next-level.

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turned our backs on millions of Americans who are on their way to becoming bigots, especially if we keep spraying them in the face with hate-filled rhetoric, disguised as flowers and rainbows. Interracial, transgender orgies are not the best settings for “Intro To Acceptance” classes. Abortion is best brought up in ways that don't involve telling reporters, “I like to kill my babies,” while giving a horns-up and smoking a cigarette. If we examine the civil rights struggle, women and African Americans are both groups whose rights were championed from behind a podium. Usually, spokespeople for said groups were wearing a suit. Many were attacked for having “radical views,” but they bit their tongue and spoke to the traditionalists as if they were children, learning a new language. Watch any televised interview with Malcolm X to see an example of what it takes for radical views to be brought to a conservative table (and, actually listened to).

I know it’s easy for me to say this as a straight, white male. However, as someone with a mother who is in need of affordable health care, a sister who has recently brought a niece into the family, relatives, friends and colleagues who are gay, trans, female, Latino, taco truck owners, anarchist lesbian feminists, etc., I can say this: I am a selfish person and if you get in the way of those I love—those people who help define my self-worth and moral compass—you will be met with the same violent opposition that I have spent this whole column trying to speak against.

Run for office. Fuck...a lot. If abortion goes away, we need a new generation of progressive-raised women born to put it back into effect. Get married, if you’re in a same-sex engagement. Talk to your racist neighbor over a bowl of weed and bring up Jimi Hendrix. Change his mind. Boycott Kid Rock. Hug a redneck. But, for the love of everything we’ve worked for as a collective group of forward thinkers, do not become what you hate.

MEET OUR WRITERS AND HAVE A LAUGH

On Sunday, January 1st (that’s New Year’s Day), at Dante’s, a large majority of Exotic writers, past and present, will be performing stand-up comedy before Sinferno (the comedy portion is called “Grinferno” when you look for tickets online). Around 9pm (8pm doors) you can catch Jimmy Newsgetter, Belinda Carroll and many more (including myself). There’s a small cover charge, but you can possibly talk your way around it if you just say “I know Frank” (difficulty: you have to know Frank). Come support our writers—we all know I can’t afford to.

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SAT 3 – HAWTHORNE STRIP – SAYLA’S BIRTHDAY PARTY
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SAT 10 – SHOTSKI’S (SALEM)
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THU 15 – FIREHOUSE CABARET (SALEM)
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FRI 16 – CLUB PLAYPEN – PAJAMA JAMMY JAM
FRI 16 – LUCKY DEVIL – 3RD ANNUAL FLANNEL PARTY
FRI 16 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB – ICE PARTY
FRI 16 & SAT 17– CLUB SINROCK
NAUGHTY & NICE GRAND OPENING PARTY
FRI 16 & SAT 17 – SUNSET STRIP
PENTHOUSE PET TAYA PARKER
SUN 18 – DEVILS POINT
BAD CHRISTMAS SWEATER & MUSTACHE CONTEST
FRI 23 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)
PAJAMA CHRISTMAS PARTY.
SUN 25 – SPYCE GENTLEMEN’S CLUB
DICK HENNESSY’S UGLY SWEATER PARTY
THU 29 – CHEETAHS – LIONS’ DEN
SPECIAL CO-ED HOLIDAY EDITION
SAT 31 – NEW YEAR’S EVE PARTY
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Christmas is a holiday that is generally celebrated all over the world. Various countries have some type of fictional figure, who visits bearing presents, and gift-giving has traditionally been a part of the season of Christmas, since the three wise men supposedly brought baby Jesus gold, frankincense and myrrh—more than 2,000 years ago. Since then, people everywhere have nearly lost their minds in an attempt to outdo each other getting the best and hottest toys and gadgets of every Christmas season. Every year, local news channels have a hefty supply of Black Friday Brawls news stories to report. Throughout the world (and especially in this country), some form of the War On Christmas is evident and real. But, nowhere has it been more evident (and grotesque), than last year at the home of reality television ‘actors,’ the Kardashians.

Keeping Up With The Kardashians first aired in 2007. Since then, Kim Kardashian and her tribe of shallow siblings (and their spouses) have held the attention of small-minded individuals everywhere. The family’s main claims to fame (before they became famous for doing nothing) was a sex tape that Kim Kardashian made with singer Ray J. and that the patriarch of the family, Robert Kardashian, was part of convicted felon and former NFL star O.J. Simpson’s legal “dream team” (who succeeded in getting Simpson acquitted of the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman - Simpson was later found liable for the murders in a civil case). Kim has gone through many short-lived and ill-fated superficial relations, but in 2014, she married hip-hop recording artist Kanye West.

The wedding cost several million dollars (news sources reported amounts that varied from $3 million to $30 million). But, last year, West really showed his hatred of all things Christmas, when he showered his bride with more than 150 “luxury” Christmas presents. The family chose to stream the event live, as well as post pics to their Instagram accounts, showcasing an entire wall of uniform-wrapped boxes with Kim’s gifts. Among the vomit-worthy pile of excess played Kanye’s latest album, in place of traditional Christmas music. At one point in the stream, family matriarch Kris Jenner said, “You’re so spoiled, Kim.”

And, Kim replied, very seriously, as if she completely deserved such a gluttonous display of newfound garish wealth, “I haven’t shopped for myself in over six months. And, besides, Kanye has to deal with me every day.”

Some of the items among Kim’s Christmas haul included, a “whole new wardrobe for her bounce back body after (baby) Saint” and a $39,000 fur coat, plus matching black minks for her and her toddler daughter. And, Kayne has not wasted any time ‘spoiling’ his two-year-old daughter—by the time North West was a year and a half, she owned five strollers each worth more than $1,000 dollars, plus $50,000 diamond studs and a crib worth $4,000, according to the Daily Mail. Not to be outdone, the Kardashian’s War On Christmas celebrations included a reindeer petting zoo, a dance floor and J.Lo and Drake (because Christmas is really about washed-up, equally vapid musical ‘artists’ as well (and just wouldn’t be complete without said perform- ers).

Personally, if Kim were my wife, I have a whole list of other items I’d give her instead: a soul, a personality, compassion, empathy, intelligence, wit, charm, talent, basic human decency—oh, wait...those are all things that the Kardashian/West money can’t buy. But, it’s been rumored recently (by a few different sources) that West could be going bankrupt, trying to keep up with the nouveau opulence of the Kardashian lifestyle. Maybe, just maybe, there is a chance for Christmas after all.
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Political Pageants And The 2016 Miss President America Loss

Ever since attending the now-retired Miss Nude Oregon pageant back in the day, I’ve been well-aware of what can be called “loser’s suspicion” or, more specifically, the near-immediate response by whoever takes second place, in which claims against the winner (“She’s blowing one of the judges.”), the venue (“Well, duh, Rick is a silent partner in this club.”) or the judging process (“Everyone knows that Celebrity Buttplug Guy can’t count.”) are made public. Whether it be Vagina Beauty Pageant or Miss Exotic Oregon in nature, stripper contests are no different than, say, presidential elections, in terms of post-result depression.

I’m not gonna turn this column into another one of Rainman McMillin’s Facebook posts. My job is not to bring politics into a stripper magazine, nor is it my place to make sweeping generalizations regarding the recent election. I mean, sure, I guess if someone asked me how I felt in a few words, I’d respond with something short about how a post-manufacturing economic climate forced the voting majority into taking secondary employment, while at the same time, social services for disenfranchised fringes (particularly, those not directly represented by the typical working class family), were given perceived preferential treatment, by a media whose financial interests often clash with the prepackaged messages required to sell oppressed and marginalized groups the idea of their own slavery, packaged in a gluten-free box, disguised as progress. But, other than that, I really haven’t given it much thought.

Therefore, let’s take a look at what we can learn about the presidential election by comparing the candidates to competitive strippers, with a focus on finding out what the Democratic candidate did wrong (instead of claiming it to be the fault of the guy she’s in bed with). At the time of publication, Exotic is clearly unaware of who will win Miss Exotic Oregon this year (...or are we? Only Alex Jones knows), but Dick Hennessy’s Miss Beautiful Vagina winner this year won by doing all of the above and she did so with a Trump theme. Perhaps Vagina Beauty Pageant predicted the election results. Perhaps this is just really good weed I’m smoking.

CONFIDENCE AND CERTAINTY GO FARTHER THAN REACTIONARY ANGER

With stripper contests, a perfect pair of breasts is no match for an honest smile. If a ten acts like a two, the five is up against will win the contest by acting like a six.

Let’s not get it twisted—Trump was the wrong choice for president. But, was he the wrong choice against Hillary? If the debates were measured like a college campus poly sci debate class and the presidency was not on the line, the calm, rational, quick-wit took the cake (at least in the first and third debates). Beyond the debates, there are widely accessible, non-doctored video clips of Hillary angrily shutting down black voters, working class voters, women, more women, yes even more women, Sanders supporters, a few more women and some poor lady that Bill molested, who claims the Clinton campaign harassed her. In drastic contrast, when Donald Trump is asked by a visibly angry, young, feminist woman if he plans to address the gender gap in wages, he calmly listens, lets her finish and then replies with, “You will get paid as much as a man, if you work as hard as one.” Dick answer? Yes. But, is was spoken calmly, with confidence and clarity. Hillary Clinton screams, yells, p’shaws and scoffs at dissenting opinions. Trump listens, then responds. Again, he may be responding with, “Under my plan, all gay babies will go to hell,” but he says so with calm confidence (that probably accounts for the large demographic of women voters who chose the guy). Confidence is sexy. Shrill anger is not. Hillary’s “soft nails on the chalkboard” approach to her public speaking turned off way more people than Trump’s arrogance.

When people compare Trump to Hitler (and, this is not erroneous, even though Pence is more of a Nazi than Trump), they forget that Hitler had a strong, unapologetic speaking tone. Sure, he killed millions of people, but, ya know, Iraq. Iran. Palestine. Israel. Trust me, DNC leaders aren’t exactly kosher. People don’t get elected on their beliefs; people get elected due to the strength of their conviction behind said beliefs. Confidence is something Hillary lacked throughout the campaign; for every concession, rebuttal, apology or “...shut up, I’m yelling!” made by Clinton, Trump stood by his ground—the dude would deny basically anything, if he had ever been quoted as saying, “Five plus five equals nine,” just to maintain conviction.

GLASS HOUSES HAVE DUSTY ATTICS

If Miss Exotic Oregon thinks that she can benefit by engaging in mudslinging or drama, she better be prepared to have her own skeletons removed from the closet. In past years, any time a compet-
ing performer has attempted the shit-talking/smear angle, she has either lost the contest or lost her crown post-win. The best way to earn the crown is to stay focused on your own performance.

Have I ever been hanging around a locker room, joking with the guys about grabbing a girl by the pussy? No. I have class—and, I'm a leftist Oregonian. Thus, men I associate with tend to hang around the yoga studio, talking about ways to politely grasp feminists by their vulva, after obtaining affirmative consent. Still, the idea of shit-you-say-when-you-think-the-tape-recorder-is-off being used as ammunition for the opposition is nothing new in politics. So, after Trump's semi-out-of-context joke (he was talking about how women bow to celebrity status—which is, ironically, just another Jezebel article, but written by an MRA), old tapes of Hillary laughing about the guilt of a child rapist, one whom she defended as a lawyer, come to light. Does Hillary address them? Not once, aside from "I was a public defender and just doing my job." I can recall a "just doing my job" defense being used to justify the deaths of millions of Jews in WWII or, more recently, thousands of black teens, who have reached for the wrong pocket during a traffic stop.

Clinton's defense? To suggest a corrupt press, who won't respect her privacy, etc. Whoo...wait just a minute. Wikileaks, NPR, Anonymous, etc., are heroes, just as long as they dig up dirt on the GOP, but the second they toss in "...and Hillary could have just asked for another case, but we all know that sweet child rape money was coming in fast, so to hell with morals," Julian Assange is suddenly the bad guy. Trump opponents were just glad he's grabbing of-age women, with the consent obtained by being a celebrity (fucked up, but true). Hillary is married to the world's second-most-loved rapist, yet she never brought this up to all the survivors who she was trying to bait with 'girl power.' So, while Pakistani rape gangs are nailing down the tongues of young women and letting multiple men assfuck them, or while radical Islamists are publicly stoning gay men to death, Hillary accuses Trump of being 'Islamophobic.' Question...if me and a dozen other white guys decided to gang rape thousands of little girls, would Hillary supporters defend us against "misandry," claiming that our victims were "Westemphobes?" Doubtful. End rape culture or increase tolerance—pick one, because the battles are in opposition. Do I have anything against Muslims? No. But, as radical feminists say about men, the few members of that group who ascribe to ancient gender roles at the expense of young women's safety need to, ahem, check their privilege. How can Hillary supporters claim that all western men are rapists, but that these actual rapists are just misunderstood outliers of an otherwise peaceful demographic?

White guilt is dangerous—mostly to brown girls. Hillary is okay with providing support to an actual, self-identified rape culture, but uses an opponent's off-color remark as the measuring stick for feminism. This is enough irony to make a hipster choke on a donut. Again, do I believe that all Muslims are rapists? No more than I believe that all Christians agree with the idea of women being subservient to men, pregnant virgins or babies being born safely outdoors in the dead of winter. In other words, most modern people are moral before they are religious, therefore giving me hope that people of all religions will eventually come together to hate Scientologists alone. However, I'm not gonna pretend that the Bible Belt and 700 Club are myths, perpetuated by a Jessuphobic media, just because 90% of my church friends don't take shit literally—the ones who do scare me and that has nothing to do with their skin color, but everything to do with their textbooks for ethical living.

DON'T IGNORE YOUR OWN SUPPORTERS, BUT ALWAYS SEEK TO GAIN NEW ONES

Stripper contests are all about gaining new supporters, but it's extremely important for winners to remain true and attentive to the folks who have supported them since day one. Pageant winners always have a group of friends, club coworkers and customers, walking around the venue and talking to potential judges; it is up to the contestant to keep said campaigners happy.

Marijuana, gay rights, black teens being killed by cops, war for oil, pipelines for oil, over-taxation...not once did Hillary address these issues (outside of simple bumper-sticker platitudes). "I will make sure a woman makes as much per hour as a man." Cool, but how? What changes to custody defaults versus no-fault divorce laws will you enact, to offset the cost of childcare, court fees and other things that bankrupt both men and women? Will women be encouraged to curb the 80% of disposable consumer spending they currently account for? How will men be encouraged to take more typically-female-dominated jobs (nursing, clerical, educational, etc.) and how will women be taken care of when they abandon traditional gender roles, in favor of independent careers? These are very easy-to-address issues (with solutions as simple as changing tax laws, gutting the divorce industry and eliminating pre-interview gender screening, to better pin down the root causes of the wage gap), but Hillary didn't bother to venture beyond..."we can do it, I'm with her, girl power!" Meanwhile, Trump is snatching up the "racist white vote" (quotes emphasized) by doing what? By screaming "white power" and using only Ted Nugent songs as intro music? Quite the contrary—Trump gained the poor white vote by saying such xenophobic things as, "If you move this automobile plant from China, I will tax you a 35% tariff, when you try to bring these cars back into the U.S." So, where Hillary attempted to cater to her own biased demographic (sincerely, I've heard neo-fauxmenists defend some pretty racist shit, all in the name of equality, i.e. Lena "Black Guys Scare Me" Dunham and Amy "Black Guys Are Funny" Schumer), Trump pulled on-the-fence voters to his side (many of whom were poor, black, lesbian, women, etc.) using issue-centered talking points with specific, measurable threats against opponents of said proposals.

I DJ at queer nights, live in predominantly Mexican apartments, share an office with black women and work for a magazine that supports exotic dancers; for a poor white male, I should have been Hillary's easiest sell. I smoke weed, believe in aliens and aspire to be a world-famous drag queen. Trump should scare me more than any woman he runs against. And, yet, here I am, defending the guy's public speaking skills. I even got a Facebook message from a gay Asian who tells me that he's kinda sold on Trump (ironically, this was in response to some pretty heavy anti-Trump shit I had posted). The same conversation, however, would never have been held between two Trump fans discussing Hillary—her hatred for all red-voting people is clear. "Out of my face, deplorable! Get back in your basket." Well, now that basket is guiding us down the river to hell.

IN SUMMARY...

Trump didn't win; Hillary lost. The nation was awaiting our new Metallica album, but when Clinton released Load and started screaming at her biggest fans, calling us deplorable bigots for wanting just one decent guitar solo, we decided to brush up on the old stuff with Dave Mustaine. Yes, that was easily the whitest analogy I can think of to describe Hillary's loss, but it's damn accurate. Besides, "as a white male," my vote counts equally. The next Miss Exotic Oregon will not win by dancing to "Whiskey In The Jar-a," while ignoring the regular customers of hers who showed up to support, screaming random nonsense whenever another competitor pulls off a sick pole trick, bashing the owner of the venue and then claiming sexism if she loses one round to the transgender stripper who earned their keep by being a performer (and not a sore loser).

A dead gorilla (R.I.P., #dicksout) took 3% of the vote in Texas. We can't blame Trump for a Hillary win, when even the reddest state in the country isn't fully behind Trump. Ghostbusters 2016 sucked because of poop jokes and CGI—not because it was female-led. Evanesence sucks because they're awful pop goth—not because they're female-led. Hillary lost because she's an angry, shrill, bitter, humorless hack, who got too cocky and forgot her fan base—not because she's female. And, this year, when we crown a new Miss Exotic Oregon, she will win because of her talent, appearance, charisma, confidence and beauty, not because she's "in bed with the judges." Especially if all the judges hated her reality show, bad wig and orange face, before the contest even started.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com
We’re living in what you might call a culture of fear. So that’s cool. Or, whatever. I had felt this way before Trump beat Clinton, who crushed Bernie, who threatened the status quo. Recently, I keep blaming non-voters for the state of things—and, I figure y’all ought to be more specific. Can’t be blaming this shit on me. Admittedly, I didn’t vote. But, what I’ve been saying for a minute, is...everybody in America seems to fear each other. I said it. People with money fear a robbery. Rich folks can’t sleep easy, white people fear black folk. The pattern seems incredibly consistent. So, now, we’re floating our way back to panic under the Trump regime and I don’t have much to say in dissension. Shit is fucked. But, you knew that. Look what they did to Christmas (I don’t care about that). I do care about rape culture. And the fuck-shit-stack is grabbing them by the pussy—sounds pretty good on some nights. But, you still have to wake up with yourself. Walking by the guy sleeping on a sidewalk mattress doesn’t leave much of an impact (unless he gets cold enough to slit your throat and take your keys). Sex work should be legal, but what about human trafficking? Everybody needs help sometimes.

I was afraid to live a minute ago, but I’m past it now. Welcome to Trump-merica. We got responsibilities now—we need to look out for each other. We can’t keep living like we have been. Trust. I already had my “I told you so” moment. We cool on that now. It’s time for the work. I got no attention span for bullshit anymore. I barely have time for friends. We doing this. I’m not talking ‘bout a fucking donation—I don’t mean political registration (although, that shit is going down...bet).

We need to seize the means of living for ourselves. Locally. We need to check in on each other now. I’m so disgusted with being right.

There were assaults all over the country yesterday—just like every day.

How many people got murdered in the street? What will you do to keep your community safe? Who is your community?

Two years ago, it was catcalling—two weeks ago, “Grab ‘Em By The Pussy.” It’s all patriarchy. How come no one talks about male supremacy? Maybe cuz they like the sound of it too much. Peep the irony of writing this in a stripper magazine. Check out how I ain’t got enough dollars to tip proper.

Who the fuck are your friends? Why? I don’t know about the War On Christmas, but I could use some fucking Ketamine. ‘Bout to head out on tour and the tranny fell out. I’m building a company with no capital. I tell depressing stories on stage, to empty rooms looking for a laugh. I see this time as an opportunity.

Oakland is getting whiter—but not too white to riot. I heard there were two-thousand people out in Portland. Where’s project mayhem when you need them? What in the fuck is Step Tomorrow?

Dropping a couple dollars ain’t getting you out of this, hombre. IUDs are flying off the shelves. Somewhere, somebody’s stocking up on toilet paper and bottled water. They’re putting Trump in the White House. No one will ever wake up again thinking they aren’t eligible for the oval office. Anybody talk to Liz Warren?

Motherfuckers blaming non-voters for not getting inspired by the Clinton Fear Campaign. Take a number and suck a dick. Blame anyone but white supremacists for white supremacy and then get in line to kill yourself.

What are you going to do tomorrow? I’m not talking ‘bout buying a gun.

Oh no, Trump is president—what if they start murdering negroes in the street? Who? You mean the police? Or, is it scarier in a different outfit? Newsflash—the racists were already out there under the surface. Call it internal bruising.

“Come out to show them.” You got to let the bruise blood out. Til we figure this shit out, I’ll be chieﬁng in the corner like America’s Most Blunted, double-booking dates and rocking a mask—on the road like Cormac McCarthy, staking out the witch hunts. You know how to find me.

Actually, even my closest friends forget about my website. These days, I’m hanging up on motherfuckers like candy. It’s time to get that engine going, son. A journey of a thousand miles won’t even get you half way across the country. Take back the continent, fool.

Open up your closet, America. Do you really got room for all those skeletons? I don’t know about you, dog—I voted Tom Hanks for Dad. ’Cuz Will Cosby fucked it all up.

I’m pissed, but at the same time: is it time we talked about this shit? Y’all want to end rape culture, for real? You want to pretend racism is over? You want to wait for everyone to die? We got to deal with this shit, y’all. Talk it out. Maybe even listen, god forbid. I’ve got a lot of walls up, but here’s one that’s coming down.
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I was told about this “War On Christmas” as far back as I can remember. This was evidenced (apparently) by the “liberal media” and their insistence on using God-hate speech like “Happy Holidays,” rather than “Merry Christmas.” And, anyone using the Greek shorthand “X” for Christ in their X-mas displays, was clearly trying to “take Christ out of Christmas.” The Christmas War was very real in my young, pre-Terrible, ignorant mind.

I believe one of the next major social issues is going to be intelligence bias/discrimination. With the exponential accumulation of knowledge happening in our world today, one could make a serious argument that the intelligence gap among humans is increasing (and, will certainly widen in the future). We ought to be very cautious. Morally, we look down on people that discriminate against or take advantage of the mentally disabled. Will we carry over that same moral precedent, when robots achieve a similar level of intelligence and sentience? Or, will robots always be viewed as sub-human, regardless of how intelligent they become?

It’s not too hard to imagine an Artificial Intelligence (AI) that is 100x smarter than an average human. What then? Will the robots squish us like bugs, if we fail to accommodate them in the way of their agenda? I mean, I wipe out entire colonies of ants every spring, just because they’re inconveniently cohabitating in my kitchen. So long as they stay outdoors, I really don’t care what they do and are free of my Terrible oppression. But, if they get anywhere near my lunch, I’ll murder them and their entire fucking family. Would a super smart, sentient being treat me the same way that I treat the ants?

Our robots are becoming more and more intelligent every day. Some AI can already far outperform humans at certain tasks. In very real ways, I can already control the world around me, just by starting a sentence with “Hey Siri.” She can look up a definition of virtually any topic within seconds, remind me to forget my orgy date on Saturday, Mr. Terrible, and will occasionally even laugh at my dumb jokes. That’s better than any girlfriend I’ve ever had. Put that sexy Siri-personality into one of the new sex doll models hitting the market and I think Siri and I could have quite a thing. She already knows my deepest, darkest secrets, since she listens to every diary entry I make (nearly every day). She’s intimately involved in my day-to-day life and speaks to me in any language or accent I wish. What level of sentience does AI need to reach before I should be asking it for sexual consent? (Seriously, “my friend” wants to know…)

But, herein lies the problem. Whereas I might be preoccupied with the moral and ethical concerns of forming a sexual relationship with a Siri-cyborg slut, there are some who would love nothing more than to evangelize our new sentient machine-cousins and recruit them to do the Lord’s work. What alarms me the most about AI, is the possibility that an ignorant, crazed nut job might try to program a robot army with his or her religious dogma-of-choice. The terror that could be inflicted by a zealous, take-the-bible-literal robot would be catastrophic. Without a significant enough level of intelligence, it may or may not be able to tell the difference between a metaphorical “Onward Christian Solider” command and a literal one—not too much unlike my young, brainwashed mind.

Anyway, the Christians are right about one thing: the truth will set you free. And, ultimately, I hope the truth (science) sets both human and robot free—from all forms of religion. If not, we very well may be up against a giant army of Christian robot-soldiers, who are hell-bent on winning The War On Christmas.

How do I know all this is going to happen? Once upon a time, I programmed low-intelligence robots to do my bidding. So, be’lee me.

* https://youtu.be/Sc7FZZ7ardQ
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What's the best way to sneak away from a holiday gathering with a partner, without creeping out the grandparents or getting caught? Also, what are the best places to have sex in such a setting without being noticed?

Sometimes, hiding in plain sight is the best strategy. Hand/foot play under the table is easy to get away with as long, as you both don't act like dweebs about it. Ever gotten toe fucked? No? What are you, the Queen of fucking England? A toe is like a dick, that lives next to four other tiny dicks—get over it. But, make sure your partner's toes are clean and trimmed—you don't want to have to live with getting your junk sliced open by a toenail. If you don't feel like you can do that/are too good for a toe fucking, I recommend meeting in a pre-designated spot and a signal to meet there. Leave the table at very separate times. In fact, before you meet to fuck, keep leaving and coming back to the table, separately, over and over again. This will make them less suspicious when one of those times you two are actually fucking in the crawl space AND it might make your family think that your date and you are actually the same person, since they never see you two at the table at the same time. What's less suspicious than a made-up date???

I haven't been able to achieve an erection since the election results. How can we block out the idea of having a misogynistic reality TV star for a leader? It's really fucking with my sex drive.

It's possible that the next four years will be flaccid for all of us. But, here: go to the Pornington Post. Watch Cuckold Trump with Evan Stone. Laugh. Cry. Jerk off. You're going to have to start pushing the envelope a little. Make it dangerous. Even outside the bedroom. I like to put all my tubes of cream in one drawer and grab blind. It's like Russian Roulette for your face, mouth and pussy. Go to GlowFuckYourself.com and get yourself a custom butt plug with Bernie's face on it—it'll be the hardest you've ever cum.

What is the most erotic food to bring into the bedroom?

If you ask me, none of it. I hate food with sex—it viscerally disgusts me. I can drink cum all day long, but the second you bring a cookie into the frame, I will start vomiting and my pussy will dry up like the tundra. If you ask one of my ex's, they thought it was cool to eat strawberries out of my pussy. That was fine. So, here are my food recommendations for the bedroom:

-Raw, whole potatoes—just hold one in each fist throughout the act.
-A can of minestrone—see who can open the can with their tongue first.
-Un-popped popcorn—pretend you're both machine guns and spit the seeds at each other.
-Holiday leftovers—you have to do something with them.
-A can of tomato bisque soup—see who can open the can with their genitals first.
-A whole cantaloupe—try to put it up each other's butts.
-Nerds rope—pretend you're the king of Candy Land and your partner is a lowly peasant, who needs to get whipped (...yes, the kings carry a whip in Candy Land, it's an unpleasant place. It's kind of like that whole Greenland/Iceland thing).

-I involve your dog*—they're food in some places.

I started having sex with my partner, who is a premature ejaculator. Once we had been sleeping together a couple months, his problem went away and he lasts way longer. The problem is that I LOVE feeling him cum as soon as he enters me. It feels so powerful and hot! How can I fix this?

My condolences/congratulations on being a comfortable healthy person to fuck! Now, about your problem—this is hard, because I imagine your partner feels happy about being able to last longer. You don't want to infringe on your partner's healthy psychosexual state. Does it still turn you on to have sex with someone that lasts an average amount of time? If not, you may be incompatible. Have you tried telling your partner that sometimes it's okay to blow their stack early, on account of the fact that it flips your pages? Maybe you should stop talking about baseball during sex? Premature ejaculation is usually a sign of sexual anxiety. Short of recreating the situation that leads to that anxiety in the first place (have you tried screaming at your partner's dick?), all you can do is talk to your partner and tell them how much you love it when they cum early. Maybe you two can split custody of your partner's orgasms. Whatever you do, make it absolutely clear that your partner's mental health and feelings are the FIRST priority, no matter what.

*fucking seriously don't.
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The desire to dance possesses me immediately, as I cross the threshold from the gray Portland afternoon into the hyper-color strip club I left behind two months ago. The bass strikes my core, as I strut into my old club and fight the urge to sashay up the backstage, peel off my conservative dress and swing from the brass pole. I'd kick up my left foot and hang upside down in perfect sync to “Milkshake” by Kelis, right fucking now. I'd slide down the metallic phallus, like vanilla ice cream slides down throats on a hot summer day. But, I refrain and waltz over to the bar and order a club soda instead.

The strippers outnumber the customers, which is typical at 3pm. All five dudes stare at me, as I wait for my virgin drink at the bar. I squeeze my lime into the bubbly water, look around and try not to laugh at the hungry eyes undressing me. They remind me of one of the reasons I quit—the symbiosis of vampiric desperation.

I sit at a booth—the seat covered in swaths of duct tape. I inhale a cloud of baby powder drifting off of a nearby dancer. I open my laptop. A middle-aged dude with a ponytail tucked under a baseball cap pushes his palms on the table and talks in my face, “How ya doing? You look busy.” I am, I say. He keeps talking, but I ignore him and type. He'd be an easy target if I was Lux, the hustler, right now.

The interaction evokes a realization—only an illusionist can veil the cold, hard fact that strip club goers personify cold hard cash.

I wasn’t just a stripper—I was a fucking magician. A postmodern alchemist who transmuted sexual energy into bank notes. I’d make guys feel special. Significant. Worthwhile. And, they did the same for me, whenever they bought private dances, or spread fives and tens on my stage.

Money equals self-worth in the Church Of Black Lights. I thwart the urge to strip, with that dangerous equation in mind.

I see it right now. The petite blonde on stage small talks with a guy who plays bad techno on the jukebox. Her slouched posture and drooping eyelids reveal her fatigue and inner dialog. “Just shut up and pay me,” is what she really means, while she outwardly says, “Thanks, sweetie.”

I know, because I did the same thing. I hid behind giggles and ass jiggles. I’d zone out on the club lights scattered across some dude’s face as he blabbed about himself. His job. His kids. His car. I’d nod my head and calculate my fluctuating hourly wage, while pretending to listen. I’d kick my eight-inch stiletto in the air at 300 beats per minute, as I anxiously awaited the next private dance.

Part of why I lasted only two months as a stripper, after coming out of my ten-year retirement, was that, out of all the men that came into the club, only one regular customer genuinely kept my interest—John. Our cynical conversations energized me. He was my oasis in a desert of devo. He was the only client who didn’t make me feel like a blow-up doll with a pulse.

But, John wasn’t enough to keep me there. As the club died with the changing seasons, did my motivation to strip.

A steady stream of wallets walked through the door when I first started. I marveled at how little I had to do to make money. Be coy. Smile. Actually dance. Tell a joke. Be nice.

But, as autumn took hold, the club slowed down and the demands from the few guys coming in were too much for me to handle. They wanted a dry hump. Ass cheeks slammed against their noses. A mouthful of titty. Or, just to touch me; whenever they felt the urge.

I sat next to Chet at the bar and edited an essay. I noticed a white crust encircled his nostril and beads of sweat gathered in the wrinkles on his forehead and streamed down his temples. He had an arm around the stripper to his right. They laughed. He interrupted me.

“Just don’t write about me,” he said. That’s narcissistic code for “Please write about me.”

“Don’t worry,” I said.

He dropped his hand from the bar and onto his thigh. Black gunk caked every fingernail. I lifted his five-fingered filth from my leg and threw it back at the bar. Thump.

“I never said you could touch me,” I said.

“You’re so uptight,” he said.

I slammed my laptop shut and stood up from my bar stool.

“My body isn’t free rein, just because I’m a stripper,” I said before leaving.

My detachment and tolerance dwindled along with my self-esteem. I showed up later and later to each shift, even though I respected the manager. I scheduled myself less and less. When I did work, I’d count my money and check the time every thirty minutes to assess if it was worth me being at the club.

Eventually, I decided it wasn’t. I panicked, because I was done, but had no instant way out.

And, shortly thereafter, I had good timing for once in my life and finally landed a worthy day job.

“Thank you, but I quit,” I told the sweetest strip club manager in the world. “I’m so grateful for all you’ve done for me.”

“Come back anytime,” he said.

And, here I am. Back as a spectator. The cotton candy body spray and neon hues envelop me. They welcome me. They tempt me.

They also remind me that I’m so grateful I can strip if I have to, but I’m even more grateful that I don’t have to. At least not right now.

@Jaime_Suicide

LOVE IN A PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE: THANK YOU, I QUIT

By Jaime Suicide

The interaction evokes a realization—only an illusionist can veil the cold, hard fact that strip club goers personify cold hard cash.

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That strange orange man...he totes stole my plan!

He stole it good! (I knew that he would) He brought the dumbest Whos in Whoville out of the woods!

They wanted to hate! They wished it were so! They just needed a leader, to toss to and fro...

...That notion, that inkling, that not all were built equally. That lie, that travesty, believed by none who think deeply...

I'd have done it, I nearly had the funds! From stolen Christmas presents, sold by the tons!

I would have cashed in! So would have run! Had late eBay payments not spoiled my fun...

My entire campaign would have been based upon fear! All the whitest Whos in Whoville would have laughed, bowed and cheered!

They'd have cried—“The Grinch, most certainly here is one for us! He hears us whine! He hears us plead! He hears our perpetual fuss!

He promises things that make us feel giddy, especially us Whos incapable of pity!

He will make this Whoville great once again! Get rid of those Whos that are darker in skin! Those gay Whos too—whomosexuality is a sin!"

Oh, they'd have loved me, but that Orange Man, he snubbed me!

I just wanted the attention, I thought that I needed it, but it all seems exhausting! I would have conceded it!

To get to age seventy and still feel so bad. I don't know if I hate him! He just makes me sad!

Yes, I, The Grinch, too have my limits. I'm not Master P, the Hulk or Popeye on spinach!

When it comes right down to it, I'm just a frail, old hater. My political beliefs, fall closer to Nader!

Sure, I am bitter. I'm kind of a dick, but the actions of that orange man...they just make me sick!

I got so darn queasy, my stomach did turn. Then I felt angry! I wanted it all to burn!

After all that, I just wished for peace. I couldn't help but cry. What a terrible beast!

It feeds on our hatred, like "Ghostbusters 2." You know, the one with Vigo and that slimy pink goo...?

It doesn't matter, whatever. I'm writing too much. I hate to get political or ranty as such...

I'll fix myself a sandwich, pastrami on rye! Sometimes I forget to eat, when my tongue starts to fly...

There, that's much better. I'm filled to the brim! Now, what was I saying when I went off on a whim...?

Oh yeah, that's right! That fucking orange guy! Isn’t it crazy, the amount that he lies?!

It's so easy to hate, much tougher to love. I, The Grinch, spent much time, judging from above...

So long, you see, that I learned from my ways. Through much meditation, I awoke from my haze...

I started seeing a therapist, I took St. John's Wort. I tried psychedelic mushrooms, just to be a good sport...

I learned on my trip, that we're all one consciousness! We have to love ourselves first, then one another, on the path to spiritual bliss...

It may sound cheesy. It's corny, but true. It doesn't come easy! It starts within you!

I learned the hard way, fell from on high—you can't think you're a God, then act like a regular guy!

Whos will see through it. Strange, Orange Man—ya blew it!

You can't keep this up, you'll spilleth your cup!

They'll spill your blood too, don't think that they won't. This violence you encourage—I advise that you don't!

We all have come-uppance, the balance of The Force! It gets very dangerous, upon a high horse...

It's a shame you don't see it, perhaps you never will. Many will say, "I told you so!" when your time stands still...

You'll probs beg for mercy, on Orange Man deathbed. We'll all have the footage, likely in a Reddit thread!

We'll see you in hell, in our dreams when we're dozin' (though in all likelihood, you'll be cryogenically frozen)

That strange, old man...the one that stole my plan...I'm glad that he did! I didn't want to be damned!

To a life based in misery, with followers so slithery. I wouldn't want them too close! They threaten the fabrics of liberty!

All things considered, I guess I'm in debt. This life full of bitterness, I truly regret.

Thank you, Orange Man, for making me better. As a token of my gratitude, I'll knit you a sweater!

For, if I, The Grinch, can improve myself—the future looks bright and full of much wealth.

Not the kind of wealth that you keep in a bank, but the kind that comes from within, when all else feels blank.

You've embiggened the Whos! Strengthened their resolve! What a lovely side effect! You forced us to evolve!

So, fuck you, Orange Man, you impotent coward! Where once you grew hate, we shall grow flowers!

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ESCAPING ILLUSION: CHRISTMAS IN THE CLUB

BY JULIA LAXER

Haunted by lines at Macy’s Santaland, you are worn and weary. Shrieking, snotty children circle like hyenas, with lists miles long, completely unaware of the falling dollar, as you find a measly gift to bring to the party. You shudder, weaving your way through the perfume counters with the beautiful shopgirls trying genuinely to pretend that they love their jobs. Maybe they do, but it’s just the season...they spray you as you edge past and you instantly feel: MIGRAINE.

Your nose drips, your head’s fuzzy and you wander the parking lot, scanning the rows for your long-lost car...an hour later, you find it.

The mall is Hell. To Hell with Christmas!

Bell-ringing Salvation Army “do-gooders” spare-change you outside of Freddie’s when you stop quickly for flu medicine, toilet paper and a six pack to share. Work Christmas parties fill you with a primordial, anxious dread, but you paste on a fake smile, graciously receiving a tacky white elephant gift from your heart-attack boss. (Preparation H? What was she thinking?!) Stomach sick from too much eggnog and spiked, mulled cider, you drive home, feeling lonely, wondering...the radio plays “White Christmas” as you gaze past bare branches, endless traffic, chain-link fence and hard, gray sky. You change the station, angry. What sort of “White Christmas” doesn’t have snow?

You come home and an overpriced Christmas tree taunts you with its string of faulty lights; red and blue twinkling next to yellow and green, but the pink bulb’s out...everything false glares back at you.

There is a reason that this is the season for disillusionment.

But, there is sweet escape on stages and catwalks, in the icy-lake reflective mirrors of this lil’ town, the pink glow is cast on our beautiful bodies. Always, on toned muscle, moving you to the lure of pleasure. Music pulsating in your stiff cocks and in our lusty hearts. Memories of summer in our lips, in our pretty.

But, December? December days are dark for every- one—and, especially depressing, for strippers. And, yet? What do we do? We embrace it. For, if there’s one thing we do as naked ladies, it’s this: WE LIFT YOU UP.

Chances are, we’re the best paid actors we can be! We smile. We put on the mask. We’re up for the task. We always laugh. We pretend to listen and, sometimes, we really do! We shake our hips. We dance for tips. We do pole tricks! We lick our lips. Our lap’s flush and warm, like sugary Christmas cookies. (With sprinkles on top!)

In the midst of all this, our wages melt like snow-flakes—spent on groceries, gas money, phone bills, electric bills, tuition and cat food. Strippers deal with the inevitable economic fear as brazenly as we begin each stage set, our sequined costumes shining in the stage lights like armor...

We accept Christmas like the atrocious result of the election, with the inevitable fact that with each passing year, our tits droop more and more...and, our ability to save grows less and less. Like children, we all have to grow up. Christmas isn’t real—we just accept it. We have no choice. Our bodies aren’t perfect. We will not dance forever. Yet, as strong-hearted workers, when December comes around, we do what all Americans do, We “get into the holiday spirit.” We celebrate. Ready, for both revelation and revolution in mind, we take the stage. Buckling up our 7-Inch Pleasers; heels like knives.

We wear red-and-white-striped socks, candy cane thighs calling you closer to the rack to see our Christmas cards. We wear cheap fake fur “Santa hats” and cutey reindeer ears, and we arrive at work—WITH BELLs ON!

We bring in chocolate to share. We sneak in flasks and swallow heavy. We pass out cards to coworkers, invite them to Christmas parties and buy their kids gifts.

We embrace it—because we have to. We embrace the illusion. It’s all we ever do. really, in those thick mirrors, with warm, red lights casting a pink glow on the forever-night. Our stage is a snow globe, money falling like iridescent glitter. Even though, outside of the club, it’s late-stage capitalism, the end is nigh and EVERYTHING is half off...

WELL, WE TAKE IT ALL OFF. Every day, for you. No Santa involved. No false promises, well...except for the usual ones— (“Of course honey, I’ll call you after work...”)—we take it all off, day in and day out, carrying Christmas on our shoulders and decorating the stage all damn year long.

Strippers are the true carriers of tradition. Standing tall under stage lights, arched back, pussy poised—godless stance. Always under the mistletoe, yet you can’t kiss our shimmery glory...

But, you can... Tip US!

We bring the illusion year-round. And? We do it hardcore each December—XXX-style.

So, this year while you’re buying your kids’ teacher the redundant coffee mug and Starbucks gift card, sending out that horrible newsletter (who is Aunt Lori, again?)—remember us.

Remember our spiked white stilettos, our candy-cane-striped thighs, our cinnamon-sweet breath, gingerbread laughter, our sugar titts; our cherry-red lips...Strippers are there for you. We are always Santa’s little helpers. (And, naughty elves, too!)

We disrobe for a twenty, and if you make it rain—Snow, if you will—we will be your Christmas miracle. We untie all our bows...showing you the ultimate gift! Brand new and shiny, on stage every day! Reinvest- ing ourselves with each stage set: pretty barely-there outfits, wet lipstick, painted-sharp nails, the biggest of hair. We take it all off...get ass-naked! We always do. For you. (Just for you!)

While you watch us unwrap, with each day come December, take out your wallet, and pay it forward a bit...tip not only your favorite dancer, but every woman in the club.

Shake the snow globe. Watch the glitter fall. Hear our XXX-rated carol. Marvel at our tender flesh, spinning in this beautiful, escapist wonderland...the icy world, and our glistening skin...your desire hot, growing within...

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TOP 5 REASONS CHRISTMAS HAS NEVER BEEN ABOUT CHRIST

BY BRAD COX

Every Goddamned year, I have to listen to a bunch of whiny fucking assholes tell me we are waging a war on Christmas. And, every year, I groan a groan of discontent and malaise, as I scroll through a Facebook feed full of fuckery. Please, allow me to explain. I was raised in a Pentecostal home, where Jesus took the wheel and Christmas was our holiest of holy times. A time of year filled with extra nights at church, watching shit plays put on by the ladies who frequented “Christian Singles Night,” looking for their used-car-lot-owning future husbands. Unfortunately for them, there is no War On Christmas and Christmas has nothing to do with Christianity. I mean, let’s be honest here, who wages a war on presents and getting fat? Who wages a war on pretty lights and a generous spirit? No one does—that’s who. So, without further delay, let us get to the list.

JESUS WAS NOT BORN ON CHRISTMAS

Christmas, as we know it as a holiday, has always been observed as Jesus’ birthday. You come together to celebrate the birth of your invisible, immortal Space Christ, but unfortunately, if Jesus was born at all, he was born in July. And, that info is gained from actually reading the Bible. Oddly enough, most Christians don’t actually read the Bible. I don’t know why, though, they seem to love telling us all about how we aren’t living according to it. I think they just hope we don’t read it either, and they can convince us Donald Trump is here to perform the rapture, in his golden tank.

CHRISTMAS IS A PAGAN HOLIDAY

Guess what happens in December, every single year. Go ahead...I’ll wait. If you guessed the Winter Solstice, then you’d be super fucking correct, and I’d probably want to do some dabs with you, because you’re also probably a person who can read. Congratulations! Around 325 A.D., Emperor Constantine wanted to unite the Roman Empire under one religion. The problem was that most of the Romans were pagans. A further problem for him was most of those Pagans were not all the same kind of Pagan. So, he figured that if we needed to make two holidays/festivals that could unite Christians and Pagans. And, like Kobe in the fourth quarter, here comes Easter and...and...you guessed it, Christmas. Since Christians wanted to celebrate the birth of their savior, and Pagans wanted to celebrate Solstice, Constantine just did a mixtape mashup and combined them.

SANTA CLAUS IS GOD? HUH?

I seriously could have written a whole list only dealing with the ways that Santa hijacked Christ and typified European Colonialism. Oh well, there’s always next Christmas, right? Anyway, I digress...there’s a lot of cognitive dissonance in modern Christianity and nowhere more so than in the Santa Claus myths. Christianity is, after all, a monotheistic religion where there can be only one God and only God can be ultimately powerful over the laws of nature (power over nature? Wink, wink, Pagans). But, nevertheless, Santa keeps an exhaustive list of everyone in the world and knows who has been naughty or nice. In addition to that, he manages to visit everyone on the eve of Christmas, to deliver the people on the nice list their rewards. Just to be clear here, in most Santa myths, he also stops and has a cookie or bones your mom or whatever the fuck as well. It seems to me that Santa is a Euro-Pagan replacement for God, seeing as he can control space and time and knows all. What a fucking coincidence...white Europe would replace Brown Jesus with a white, Pagan, jolly God who fucking loves trees (and banging your mom).

CHRISTMAS IS A EUROPEAN HOLIDAY AND CHRIST IS A EUROPEAN SAVIOR

I’d like to tidy up this list by reminding everyone that although, as I mentioned, Santa can travel THE WHOLE WORLD on Christmas Eve. Let’s be honest with each other—not one of you imagined Santa visiting a village in northern Africa, where Christianity was born, did you? Did anyone picture a white-bearded jolly guy giving toys to Ethiopian kids? Of course you didn’t, because we have been introduced to (and brainwashed to continue to picture) God being only for Europeans. The holiday tape we keep as a tradition in America has been tailored since its inception, to cater to white people. Consider how the holiday has spread all over the world and somehow managed to keep most of its imagery intact. Only the dominant culture can do that, and white colonialism has been the dominant culture since fucking forever. So, Christmas is really just a mishmash of racism and confusion. It has nothing to do with Christianity and it never has. Furthermore, it is, in its essence, heretical, if you really think about it.

Happy Christmahaunikwanzika!
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